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LAYS *of the* LAKES

BY
JOHN C. WRIGHT

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

\$1.00. Address
Jno. Cloright
Harbor Springs, Mich.
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DEDICATION

To the literati whose purpose is not to write books but to read them; who squelch bad authors and bid fair ones live, thereby making literature, moulding public opinion and shaping the destiny of nations, this volume is lovingly inscribed, in the hope that its merits will outweigh its shortcomings and that it may become a worthy addition to the literature of the Great Lakes.

JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Harbor Springs, Mich., April 14, 1911.

Where zephyrs steal softly through balsam and
pine,
And the soul feels the joy of a love that's divine.

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SAILING SONG

Sailing along to a sailing song,
Oh, that is the life for me;
 On sea legs prancing,
 With white caps dancing,
Sailing along with a heart that's free—
Sailing, sailing over the sea,
Sailing and singing's the life for me.

Out on the lake where the billows break,
Out in a rolling sea;
 Gray gulls screaming,
 Bright hulls gleaming,
That is the place where I long to be—
Sailing, sailing, sailing along,
Sailing and singing a sailing song.

THE SKY

Turn upward thy face
 To the wonders that lie
In oceans of space
 And fields of blue sky;

To meteors hurled
 Past fast-fleeing Mars,
As planets are whirled
 In the dance of the stars;

To the splendor on high,
 To the grandeur at night,
As a comet sweeps by
 Majestic and bright!

The morning of life
Saw its banners unfold—
'Twill be strong in the strife
When cosmos grows old.

Though I never may know
The secret of time,
My soul is aglow
With the vision sublime.

A NATURAL BAND

A natural band
In the forest grand
Makes the sweetest music in all the land.

A pine tree's moan for the leading place,
A hemlock's groan for the double bass;
A partridge drumming on a moss-grown log
With trap-work coming from a marshy bog;
A bull frog croaking and the warble of a thrush;
The tooting of a piper from its hiding in the brush;
A merry band of chirpers singing on the sand,
And a hundred subtle voices sending gladness o'er
the land.

The yellow-hammer's rapping and the bluejay's call
Keep time to the rhythm of the cataract's fall;
Not a sound nor a crackle that isn't in tune,
From the barking of the squirrel to the wild wren's
croon.

I admit that the piped and the stringed notes, too,
Have charms that are pleasant and joys that are
true—

But a natural band
In the forest grand
Makes the sweetest music in all the land.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN

An agéd brave and his mush-ke-mood,*
Splitter of splints and cutter of wood—
Many a time have I seen him there,
Making his arrows and baskets rare.

* * * * *
They've laid him to rest in the sand by the shore,
And claim he has gone to return no more.

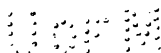
EPITAPH

To my call there is no answer,
But his spirit has not gone—
It dwelleth in the forest
And greets me there at dawn;
It lingers in the maples,
It murmurs in the stream,
I hear it in the branches,
It whispers in my dream;
It fills all living creatures
With simple faith each day—
His spirit lives on ev'ry hill
And will not go away.

A SONG OF THE FOREST

When city air stifles and heat demons blow,
To the wilds of the North let the lorn mortal go—
There Nature in fullness proclaims to the earth
A season of pleasure, of joy and of mirth.
The birds are all singing their sweetest refrains,
The grasses and leaves have replied to the rains,
And o'er hilltops and valleys, by rivulets sheen,
Have woven a carpet of loveliest green.

*Bag made from basswood bark.



The voices of Nature sing softly and sweet
 To the slaves of the city—the serfs of the street:
 “Come, come to the North, where the wild flowers
 grow,
 Where the whippoorwill calls and bay breezes blow;
 Come, follow the birds in their northerly flight,
 Come, join in their carols and share their delight.”
 The pewits, the thrashers, the bluejays and all
 That rejoice in God’s freedom unite in the call;
 E’en the lone little cricket sings loudly and clear
 His bright gladsome message of welcome and cheer:
 “Come with me! Come with me!” is the plea he
 pours forth,
 “Oh, come, and be glad in the woods of the North!”

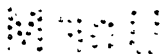
ALONE IN A FIELD

Sweet Solitude, what joys thy friendship brings!
 Thy silvan nooks of wealth untold,
 Thy lakes and streams of limpid gold
 Where pageants rise on silv’ry wings.

Enchanted Fancy wanders far—
 With argosies it sweeps the seas,
 Disports upon the flying breeze
 And rests in triumph on a distant star!

To elysian caves it takes its flight,
 And on a wondrous stage
 Beholds the wealth of ev’ry age
 Displayed to its delight.

It views great armies in the field—
 ’Mid sound of clashing arms
 And blare of fierce alarms
 Sees vanquished to their victors yield!



And as the shouts of battle cease,
 It hears upon a distant hill
 The music of a rippling rill
Where shepherds feed their flocks in peace.

So he who loveth Solitude
 In golden silence reigns
 O'er valleys, hills and plains,
Serene in nature's sweetest mood.

A TALE OF THE BAH-GO-TING*

On a fairy isle, 'neath northern skies,
 A chief with princely dower,
Ruled o'er his people in counsels wise,
 Nor feared he the Evil Power.

But a villainous monster plotted long
 In his cave by the shining water,
And by the lure of a magic song
 Enchanted the chieftain's daughter.

Far under the banks of the rushing tide
 He carried her—cool, designing;
And many have seen her by his side
 In the deep sea water pining.

In derision he promised to come on shore,
 His treasure to deliver:
"When Bah-go-ting's roar is heard no more
 And silently flows the river."

He dashes the surf where the waters fall,
 His tail the river lashes;
He laughs in glee at the other's call,
 And turns and squirms and splashes.

*Soo River rapids.

The sorrowing chieftain tries and tries
To still the rushing water,
And ever and ever he cries and cries:
"Maw-chon!† Maw-chon! My daughter!"

THE VILLAGE BARBER SHOP

The old barber shop, I remember it well,
Where the town loungers gathered, their stories to
tell;
Where the deer and the rabbits were killed by the
score
And their bodies in windrows were heaped on the
floor.
Where the trout and the herring were caught by the
ton
And sturgeons were massacred just in mere fun.
And when the good barber grew weary of talk,
And wished that the "blowhards" would go for a
walk,
Some fellow would venture: "I guess I'll get
shaved"—
Then the barber smiled kindly—we knew we were
saved.
So we'd laugh and we'd shout while his razor he'd
strop,
And high times we had in that old barber shop!
Then, here's to the place, may its fame never die,
May its barber when summoned by "next" from on
high,
Be led to a room which is full of delight—
Where they'll let him off early on Saturday night—
Where he won't have to lather nor powder the chin,
And where "blowhards" will have a "close shave"
to get in.

†"Come here!"

A WOODLAND MELODY

When the world is all aweary with its rumble and
its toil;

When the daily grind of commerce brings a grumble
from the soil;

When the city hums a discord to the yearnings of the
soul—

Then I long to hear the waters of some woodland
river roll;

Then I sigh to roam the forest just to hear its
branches sway

In a symphony of Nature, as the zephyrs gently play;
Just to listen to the music in the whisper of the
trees;

Just to feel the breath of freedom as it floats upon
the breeze.

From fairy caves of fragrance flows the gladness
far and near,

And airy waves of cadence sound a rhapsody of
cheer.

Every living thing rejoiceth and the notes are all
attune,

From the clatter of the squirrel to the feathered
mother's croon.

On a distant log, mysteriously, a partridge drums
away,

As a warbler from its aerie pipes a merry rounde-
lay;

Intermingled strains of sweetness from a silver-
throated thrush;

There a lonely owl is hooting. Then, a breathless,
deathlike hush,

Till the woods and waters echo with the clarion
of a loon—

Oh, what ecstasy of pleasure in a simple woodland
tune!

In the pastimes of a people there are joys of many
kinds;
In the turmoil of a city there are charms for many
minds:
But when the heart is heavy with life's struggle and
its care,
When all the world about us seems a desert of des-
pair—
Then how good it is to ramble where the winds
and waters roll
And the harbingers of Nature with their gladness
fill the soul.

THE HORSES AND THE MEN

A teamster by the name of Bill once reached a steep
and rocky hill;
His horses sought a little rest before they started
toward the crest;
Which, making William swearing mad, he fast be-
gan to play the gad.
But though he whipped his team with vim, it
wouldn't stir an inch for him.
Then Bill got out into the road, and with a prod
began to goad;
He cursed and swore—the team he'd kill—if it re-
fused to mount the hill.
But all his efforts did no good—the tired horses
mutely stood.
Just then a fellow came along, merrily humming a
bit of song.
"Give me the lines," said he to Bill; "I've often
driven up that hill."
He caught the nearest horse's head and patted it
and gently said:
"Old boy, you've got a heavy load, and a mighty
steep and rocky road;

But when you've rested up a bit, I'll bet that you
can travel it."
To the other one he did the same, and both the
horses, though quite lame,
Looked up and made this mute reply: "For friends
like this we'll pull or die!"
When in his hands the reins he took, the horses gave
a faithful look;
Now eager to perform the task, they scarce could
wait for him to ask.
Their muscles swelled, their bodies swayed, and
with a rush they took the grade;
Nor did they falter, swerve or stop until they
reached the very top.
Then Bill looked up and said, "By Gee! No team
would pull like that fer me!"
"Just listen," said the man to Bill; "kind words
will level any hill,
And if you'd have a horse obey, horse sense your-
self you must display."

THE DREAM CITY

I've fashioned a beautiful city—
A city of purple and gold,
With spires and temples and turrets
Surpassing the splendors of old.

Where the rich and the humble are equal,
Where Justice and Honor prevail;
Where the good and the true are encouraged,
And none but the unworthy fail.

And often when tired and restless,
My spirit seems weary of life,
I wander afar to this city,
Forgetting the world and its strife.

So continue to build, O, ye people,
In mortar and plaster and clay—
My city shall stand as the rival
Of the best that is builded today.

And when at life's close I am summoned
To a country more pleasing and fair,
Who can say that I shall not then enter
These castles I've built in the air?

JULIE AND JOE

Ol' Joe was a Frenchman dat work roun' de mill,
'Bout t'ree minute walk fas' on top of de hill;
He was happy an' livelee from morning teel night,
An' his only mistake was, Joe like to get tight.
So Julie one morning say: "Joe, dis won't go,
You got to stay home an' hang on to your dough!"
Den Joe he got mad an' he hang on so tight
Julie can't get de money for buy dem a bite.
Den she tell lil Peter to get de *tranneau*
An' hitch up his dog—to de ville he mus' go
An' tell de physish she 'tink Joe's got la grippe—
To come in a hurry an' see what's de rip.

When de doctaire arrive dare, he feel of Joe's tick,
An' say very sadly: "De man is not sick!"
Den Julie say: "Yes, sir, la grippe is ail Joe—
He grip all de money an' will not let go."
Den de doctaire he laugh an' he say wid a smile:
"I'll fix up your Joseph in one lil while."
Den he pour out some brandee an' give him to
drink—

An' Joe was recover before dey could t'ink.
He yell like a loon bird an' run his hand down
An' t'row out his money all over de groun';
An' Julie was tickled way down to her shoes,

An' she picked up de money while Joe drink de
booze.

Now Julie an' Joe dey live happy an' quite,
'Cause Julie lets Joseph drink wine an' get tight;
An' Joe he don't see how his pocket is rob',
For Julie, I tell you, is onto her job.

THE RIVER

Come stand on the bridge of an ev'ning,
When the lights are burning low,
And look at the wonderful pictures,
As the shadows come and go.

The rippling water of silver
With its looming hulks of gray,
Reminding one of a mystic isle
Where goblins run and play.

Like phantom shapes the figures rise—
They crouch and creep along,
Then quickly turn and march away—
A never-ending throng.

'Tis pleasant to stand by the river,
When the lights are burning low,
And live again in the fairyland
That we knew in the long ago.

WHY THE BEAVER'S TAIL IS FLAT

A fox and a hare one day had a trial
Way out in the depth of the wood;
The fox claimed that *he* could climb up a tree
And the lawsuit would prove that he could.

The hare hadn't heard of the wonderful feat,
And so didn't think it could be—
The thing had been done but *he* was the one
That knew how to climb up a tree.

So an owl was chosen to act as the judge,
And a wolf and a rabbit or two
Were called to the place to argue the case
And determine whose story was true.

But while they were talking and making much noise,
A beaver just out for some sport,
Went to cutting a tree which no one could see,
And its fall put an end to the court.

He was brought to the owl who loudly declared:
"We must punish such mischief as that!"
So they rolled on his tail a big heavy rail—
And ever since then it's been flat.

A SONG OF LIFE

A man is born—the world is gay—
It giveth joy and sorrow;
He lives his life of but a day
And dies upon the morrow.

Unmindful of his soul's repose,
He strives for fame and glory:
At last a tablet marks the close
And tells the same old story.

The yearnings of his heart and mind,
The quenchless soul-desire—
Are doomed to meet a fate unkind,
To languish and expire.

Then what avails his little hate,
His selfish, vain endeavor?
The world is heedless of his fate—
But truth lives on forever.

The lessons that the ages teach,
The health that makes us jolly,
The sermons that the woodlands preach—
All point the common folly:

The folly of a zeal to gain
A weight of worldly treasure,
Neglecting blessings that attain
True happiness and pleasure.

L'ENVOI

That Man is blest whose humble life
Is filled with joy o' laughter;
Who reaps the glory of the strife—
The peace that cometh after.

MY LADY'S EYES

One day in far Egyptian mart
I stood by a leopard's cage,
And in the glaring orbs of fire
Saw the dreaded look of hate.
The fury of the breed flashed forth,
As from the grated bars of steel
It glared defiance at the might of man.

Another day I looked into a woman's eyes,
And in their tenderness
Felt the ecstasy of love
And knew the joy of life.
Then with the lovelight burning still—
I turned away.

* * * * *

I looked again—
But love had turned to hate,
And methought there gleamed in the pretty eyes
A flash like the one at the leopard's cage.

TO A SNOW BIRD

When all the earth is cold and drear
Thou singest thy song of joy and cheer.
Oh, that I had a faith like thee
To keep me in adversity.

PE-TAH-SE-GA

The Indian Tradition of the Happy Hunting
Grounds.

NOTE.—This tradition was first related to me by my grandmother, Mrs. Sophia Graveraet, a venerable old lady who spent most of her life among the wild Indians of the Northwest Territory. The story was of general belief and varied but little with the different tribes. It was well known among the early missionaries and French voyageurs. I give it here substantially as it was related for hundreds of years by the savage tribes of the Great Lake region.

J. C. W.

Listen how a savage people,
Knowing naught of Christian love,
Found a gospel in the woodland,
And proclaimed a God above;
How the children of the forest
Taught a life beyond the grave,
And a happy, joyous future
For the worthy and the brave:

On the shores of We-que-ton-sing,*

*Indian name of an indentation of upper Michigan, meaning "little bay."

Where the silver birches grow,
Lived a chieftain great and mighty,
Many, many moons ago.

There he chased the bears and panthers—
From the fiercest took the pelt,
And the scalps of many foemen
Dangled from his wampum belt.

He was bravest of the warriors—
He was fleet and keen of sight—
The beloved of all his kinsmen
Was Pe-tah-se-ga—"the Light."

But one day a fever seized him—
On his couch he had to lie;
All his people came about him,
For 'twas said the chief must die.

On the softest furs they laid him—
When his war-whoop loudly rang,
And death-frenzied by his fever,
From the wigwam door he sprang.

Close behind him leaped Winona,
Fairest daughter of his band;
She, the sweetheart of the chieftain,
Called to him with outstretched hand.

But Pe-tah-se-ga was heedless
As a deer with fleeting bound;
He was eager on his journey,
Running high above the ground.

Then his mother, old No-ko-quā,†

†No-ko-quā was the only one who persisted in the chase. Mother-love was a surpassing virtue among the wild Indians.

In her grief was nearly wild;
On his trail she followed, crying:
"Oh, Pe-tah-se-ga, my child."

Many, many days she chased him
In his wild and frantic flight;
Till at last she reached a wigwam
Just before the dusk of night.

There a guardsman came to meet her,
Backward motioned her in fear;
Said: "This is the road of dead men,
Tell me why thou comest here?"

Old No-ko-qua thus made answer:
"I am searching for my son—
For a brave and noble chieftain—
Have you noticed such a one?"

Quoth the guardsman: "I am stationed
By the Gitchi Manitou,
To protect the giant berry§
As the dead are passing through.

"'Tis the fruit of life eternal
And the Manitou hath said,
Those who taste it live forever
In the regions of the dead.

"Ev'ry brave must leave his tooth-mark,
While I take his brain away
That he may forget his sorrows
And be happy on his way.

§A large strawberry, a bite of which registered the warrior's entry into paradise. This fruit, therefore, was held in great veneration.

"Yes, your son has lately passed here,
But he tried to bite in vain—
In a *trance* he journeys onward
And will come to life again."

Then No-ko-quā hurried after
To a stream that swiftly flowed,
Where a cedar's splash called spirits
To the Red Man's last abode.

In the stream were many minnows—¶
(Little children who had tried
Crossing on the logs and boulders,
But fell in the swollen tide).

Many hardships she encountered
Ere she gained the other side,
Whence a pathway long and narrow
Reached a prairie smooth and wide.

When she saw this lovely garden
Her amazement knew no bounds;
It was dazzling in its splendor—
'T was the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Here she saw a little wigwam,
Where the trees grew sparse and thin,
And knocking at the door-post,
An old woman said, "Come in."

When No-ko-quā told her story,
In surprise the other said:
"And I, too, have chased a loved one,
But, alas! he's really dead.

¶The Indians never killed little minnows, believing them to be the spirits of their departed children.

"Here at night the spirits gather,
And they have great sport and fun;
If you'll stay with me, my sister,
I will help you catch your son."

Then she cut a length of canewood,
And she trimmed it with a knife,
Saying, "See, in this we'll put him,
And you'll sweat him back to life."

So No-ko-quā longed and waited,
And at sun-down as was said,
Came the music of the tom-tom
And the war-whoops of the dead.

And the warriors came in numbers
To the field and danced about,
And made merry until daybreak,
When they ran and scampered out.

And Pe-tah-se-ga was with them,
But he did not have much fun,
For he said his|| head was heavy—
He could scarcely dance or run.

Yet the women could not catch him,
For the shadows blocked their way—
In their faces poked their fingers,
Saying,Φ "Leave us here to play."

||His brain had not been removed.

ΦNo women before or since have ever entered the
happy hunting grounds—it was supposed to be ex-
clusively a place for men.

Thus they watched and sought him nightly,
Each receiving slurs and jeers;
Till at last No-ko-quā caught him,
'Mid his protests and his tears.

Then she put him in the cane-length—
With a stopper shut it tight,
And with "bojo"*** to her hostess,
Started home that very night.

After many days of travel
She arrived there safe and sound—
Brought the cane-length safely with her—
Laid it gently on the ground.

Then with bags of sand and fire
Old No-ko-quā warmed the cane,
And by loving care and nursing
Brought her son to life again.

All the people then were feasted,
And Winona, so they say,
Spent much time upon a costume,
Garnished for their wedding day.

And Pe-tah-se-ga, the warrior,
Loved to tell until he died,
Of the place where all his people
Would be gathered side by side.

Where their songs and whoops and laughter
Would be heard forever more—
Where they'd dwell in festive grandeur
On a distant, verdant shore.

***Good-by.

Thus the children of the forest
Taught a life beyond the grave,
And a happy, joyous future
For the worthy and the brave;
Thus a people, wild, unletter'd,
Knowing naught of Christian love,
Heard the God of living nations
Calling them to realms above.

THE LUMBER-JACK

What's become of Jim Brooks?" did ye ask me?
Waal, stranger, I'm blanked if I know,
But I think he has hiked to a country
Where there ain't any sawlogs or snow.
Although I can't tell ye fer sartin,
I believe that they took him to stay
With th' angels an' heroes in heaven
At th' close of one cold winter day.
Fer I don't think that God would be willin'
To go back on a feller like Jim—
He wuz only a lumber-jack, stranger,
But they wan't no one truer than him.

Yes, I know he wuz careless an' reckless—
He never would stand fer a bluff,
An' when he struck town with his stake, sir,
He always cut loose like a tough.
"Hi, Jerry an' Billy, ye devils!
Come up here an' hev one on me!"
That's th' way he would talk to his comrades,
An' his money went easy an' free.
But though he wuz rough an' unpolished,
To his friends he was faithful an' true,
An' th' day he drop't out o' th' game, sir,
There wuz gloom o'er th' rest o' th' crew.

'T was down on th' Yellow Dog River
That we lumbered that winter an' spring,
Where an army of "cross-cuts" an' axes
Made th' forest re-echo an' ring.
A log hauler's wife did the cookin',
And she sartinly fed us good chuck:
Such pancakes an' sausage ain't common!—
(We all envied that log hauler's luck.)
She was blessed with a bright little youngster,
A pretty an' sweet-natured lad,
Whose voice wuz th' joy o' th' pinery,
Whose laugh made that wilderness glad.
I confess that I onct got a fancy
That angels 'way up in th' sky
Wuz jealous to have him in heaven,
So they drop't him to earth frum on high.

One day the young lad took a notion
To watch how we brought down a tree,
So he ran unobserved towards the choppers
And stood there all anxious to see.
All at once we heard warnings of danger,
An' running far out of harm's way.
We saw the great giant come crashing,
As it toppled an' roared in its sway.
Then a look of wild horror came o'er us,
Fer that youngster stood there in delight
A-watchin' the giant fall towards him—
We covered our eyes from the sight.

But Jim was right there in an instant—
Seemed th' giant wuz bearin' him down—
My God! like a panther he bounded
An' lifted the boy from th' groun',
Then quickly he threw him from danger:
"A miracle!" everyone said—
Poor Jim! *he* wuz caught by the giant
Which mangled his shoulders an' head—

An' although I can't tell ye fer sartin',
I believe that they took him to dwell
With th' angels an' heroes in heaven
When that king of the pinery fell:
Fer I don't think that God would be willin'
To go back on a feller like Jim—
He wuz only a lumber jack, stranger,
But they wan't no one truer than him.

MONEY TALKS

Man's greatest friend am I,
Yet, like some other friends, I fly
When needed most;
All things I conquer ere the grave,
But power there one soul to save
I cannot boast:
So he who builds his hopes on me
Must face alone eternity.

For man I rear great domes and spires,
Demolish time with rails and wires
And level hills;
I fashion, shape, display with skill
The myriad fancies of his will
And conquer ills:
But at the bier I yield at length—
The grave, alas! defies my strength.

I am the prize of golden fame,
The god of pride and ease and name
And greed's desire;
I urge men on to noble deeds,
Provide mankind with all its needs
And toil inspire:
But at the grave cannot impart
One touch of joy or ease of heart.

A WISH

When death at length shall take me hence,
I will not ask as recompense
 A crown and livery gay;
But when my name they chance to see,
I'd love to have folks say of me:
 "He cheered us on our way."

CONSTANCY

Here's a toast to give the queen
Who wins your heart at sweet sixteen:

"I love your pretty sparkling eyes,
The deep delight that in them lies;
The lovely contour of your cheek,
Your silv'ry accents when you speak,
And if perchance I make thee smile
It is an effort worth my while."

And as your life you journey through,
Fill up the cup to this one, too:

"I loved you then, I love you still—
I loved you once and always will."

KING STRANG
OR
THE TRAGEDY OF BEAVER ISLAND
IN THREE ACTS
PREFACE

Upon the assassination of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, at Nauvoo, Ill., there arose several aspirants to the honor of leading his followers. Among the number was James Jesse Strang, a gifted lawyer, originally from New York state, who had lately located in Wisconsin, where he embraced the new faith and said he had received a letter from Smith, just previous to the latter's death, appointing him as his successor; he also claimed to have had a vision at the moment of Smith's demise, in which the Lord annointed him "teacher, ruler, prophet and protector" of the Mormons. Though but a recent convert, he gained many supporters through the logic of his arguments and the force of his brilliant oratory. It is said that among the half dozen contestants for the honor, aside from Brigham Young, Strang was the only one who displayed any real qualities of leadership. Being defeated by Young, who had the advantage of an entrenched position and the powerful support of the Council of Twelve, Strang withdrew with a large number of followers, first to Voree, Wis., "the Garden of Peace," where he planted a "Stake of Zion," then to Beaver Island, (called by the early French missionaries "L'Isle au Castore"), in Lake Michigan, where he founded his "kingdom," naming the capital "St. James," in honor of himself, and on the

W. H. C. C.

8th day of July, 1850, was publicly crowned "king," amid much pomp and ceremony. He erected a tabernacle and palace, constructed beautiful highways, and had a royal press. He took unto himself five wives, and lived in regal splendor, considering the limited advantages of the region at that period. He was twice elected to the Michigan legislature and his influence and support was solicited by no less a personage than President Millard Fillmore. Finally external warfare with the "gentiles" and internal dissensions culminated to overthrow his power. Several conspirators formulated a plot to depose him, and he was fatally shot on the 20th of June, 1856. During his last hours he was tenderly nursed and cared for by his first and lawful wife, who had left him when she learned that he advocated polygamy.

Those who knew Strang say he was a wise, sagacious and able ruler, though oftentimes unscrupulous and arbitrary. His "Revelations," orations, state papers and "Book of the Law of the Lord," reveal a keen intellect, strong personality, and a leader of men, whose prowess was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries.

His kingdom perished with him, after an undisputed sway of nearly eight years—the only kingdom that ever flourished within the borders of the United States. The dispersion of his followers by an irrepressible mob ended the attempt to establish Mormonism in Michigan.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING STRANG.

Mary.....Strang's first wife
 Alvira.....Strang's second wife
 "Aunt Betsy".....Strang's third wife
 Sarah.....Strang's fourth wife
 Hulda.....Strang's fifth wife
 "Charlie Douglass"..Strang's 2nd wife in disguise
 Dr. McCullough.....Aspirant to the throne
 Adams.....An actor in league with McCullough
 Esther.....In love with "Douglass"

Mrs. McCullough	}	Rebellious subjects.
Mrs. Wentworth		
Mrs. Bedford		
Mrs. Johnson		
Mrs. Campbell		
Mrs. Scott		

Apostle John	}	"Destroying Angels."
Apostle Isaac		

Bedford	}	Accomplices of the conspirators.
Wentworth		

Gen. Schwartz.....U. S. Marshal
 Capt. Bullis....Commander U. S. S. "Michigan"
 Wilkins.....District Judge
 "Arch" Newton.....Leader of the Gentiles
 Joe Partout.....A French Canadian
 JulieHis Wife
 Sailors, Soldiers, Officers, Deacons, Elders, Saints
 and Gentiles.

Scene: L'Isle au Castore, an island in Lake Michigan.

Time: Middle of the Nineteenth Century.

ACT I

SCENE I

A room in King Strang's royal palace

To Mary enter Aunt Betsy

Aunt B.—I'm glad to see you, Mary; tell me,
please,
How fares the King and his first wife
tonight?

Mary—The one whom people love to call their king,
And who has been a "king" indeed to me,
Is absent on some pressing work o'er which
He seems to brood. He plainly is perturbed
And lately tosses on his couch at nights,
Much troubled by a sea of fear and doubt.
And I, myself, am feeling ill at ease.
But tell me, pray, why speak of me as *first*?

Aunt B.—Ah, then my lady has not heard the news
That's whispered all about our lovely
isle?

Mary—No, tell me what the gossips say.

Aunt B.—That Strang, our prophet, wishes many
wives
And e'en this week will bring the *second*
home.

Mary—No, no, it cannot be!

Aunt B.—But it has come on evidence confirmed.
The sister named Alvira Field* is married

*Alvira Field was a near relative of Chicago's
merchant prince, the late Marshall Field.

To your husband even now and only
waits
The king's decree to openly declare her
"wife"
And legalize polygamy.

Mary—Alas! if that be true
The worst that I have feared has come to
pass.
Ah me, this wicked world is turning wrong,
Since those we love the most we cannot trust.
I fear I shall not long remain upon
This lonely isle.

Aunt B.—Pray, do not take it so to heart. The king
Has given righteous cause for this new
course
And quotes the word of God to prove 'tis
well.
Why, bless you, dear, it seems so plain to
me—
If he should ask myself for *third*, I'm sure
I could not answer "no."

Mary— Feeble-minded
Poor old soul. To think that I should listen
To such arguments! He'll quote the Book
for
Any cause and if perchance it does not fit,
He'll have a "Revelation."
(Aside) I fear 'tis true
For he has acted very strange of late.

Aunt B.— You may as well submit—
He's firmly set to husband many wives,
And all so far consent.

Mary— Submit indeed!
I cannot think he'd ask me to submit
To such a plan, but if he makes request,
Full well he'll find I'd swim across the lake
Before I'd dwell beneath a roof of sin
E'en though it be the palace of a king.

Aunt B.—Well, suit yourself. I'll stay.

Mary—You have no woman's heart
If you would thus oppose an honest home
And scorn a loving wife.

A B— 'Tis the pleasure of the King,
Whose word is law with all the faithful
Saints,
And ought to be with you.

Mary—I have no mood to follow wrong commands:
Let each one do what seems to him the
best—
No home where love's divided can be blest.
I'll talk with him tomorrow.
(Exit).

Enter Strang and "Charlie Douglass."

Douglass—I think that I shall like this place right
well.
Now, do not vex us longer with delays,
But forthwith issue your decree abroad
That plural marriages are just.

Strang— This very night
I'll say it in our holy tabernacle.
I'll then make known to all the world,
what I,

The Prophet James, did find upon the
Plates of Laban.
And then in sweet embrace I may receive
The love which thou dost give to bless our
home.
I seal the promise with a sacred kiss,
And offer praises to His holy name.

Aunt B.—Just marry all the wives you wish, King
Strang,
For all of me, but when you finish that,
And then make love to all young men as
well,
I cannot blame my sister Mary when
She says that nothing good can come from
out
This worthless Kingdom.

Strang—Oh, ho! So you shall know the truth,
Aunt Betsy.
This handsome man is not a man at all,
But second wife whom God hath in a
vision
Sent, and you shall be the *third*.

A B—Oh, now I love you true more than the other
two.

Doug.—But he loves *me* the best of all the three.

Strang—What hath thou heard my Mary say?

A. B— She'd sooner die
A thousand deaths than ever share your
'home
With any other wife.

Strang— By the hand of an angel
Was I given the Urim and Thummim,
And from plates that I dug near Voree
Translated the Law of the Lord.
Then I was led to a beautiful isle,
Covered with forests and flowers and
fields,
With a wind-sheltered bay to the east-
ward;
I was taken o'er hilltops and valleys
Amid foliage fragrant and lovely.
And one whom I asked for the meaning
replied:
"Here shall the Lord establish his people;
He shall establish them here forever."
So let us all pray for glory and peace;
And that our holy kingdom may flourish,
Follow thou my commands to the letter.

All sing—Ephraim's records, plates of gold,
Glorious things to us unfold,
Though sealed up they long have been,
To give us light they now begin.

First Apostle—If the Gentiles shall harass thy peo-
ple,
What does the prophet command us
to do?

Strang—The earth is the Lord's and the fullness
thereof;
Behold, we are the Lord's chosen people.
We consecrate all for the good of the
church;
We confiscate wealth in the name of the
Lord;
He will bless us in all undertakings.

In a league with the devil are Lamanites—
They shall feel a continual stroke.
Mormons alone have a right to the earth
And eventually shall possess it.
Now the Lord through his prophet com-
mands you:
You shall marry, multiply and possess.
For in eternity shall you be crowned
Over all your descendants and children.
So your ambition must be to increase;
And a mourner can honor the spirit
Of her departed in no better way
Than to raise children up in his name.
In support of the Lord's revelation
A beautiful maid have I married this day
And by this example, polygamy
Is blest in the royal domain.

Second Apos.— But many have come
Who were promised this would not
be taught.

Strang—I cannot always teach the things I would—
I tell you that which God to me reveals.
And by this self-same token I command
That every woman of the kingdom
Henceforth her old habiliments discard
For garments of divided type. For work
The Lord does wish, the skirt is not ap-
proved.
(Murmurs of discontent.)

Bed.— My wife will not consent;
And if she does I'll never let her wear 'em.

Strang— Stir up no strife,
Lest thou receive the forty lashes, friend.
I'm tired of you trouble-mongers.

Enter Joe Partout and wife, running, followed by several men.

Joe—I'm shoot! I'm shoot! I'm killed dead, me!

Julie— Oh, Joe, he's kill!
An' me, myself, I'm almos' dead wid scare!

Strang—How, now! What's all this row about?

Went.—Those Gentile rats, they tried to steal our nets.

Joe— No! no! 'Taint so, 'taint so!
We drif' ashore on one big sea an' lan'
Right there. We didn't mean no harm.
Oh, please, have mercy, mercy!

Julie— No! no! We never steal a t'ing.
We are so scare. Oh, please, have mercy,
mercy.

Strang—No wanderer will seek a refuge here
And ever come to harm. So have no fear.

To Joe's pursuers, who have been drinking.
Depart, ye sots, and let this couple rest!
Do not defile our holy tabernacle
With oozings of thy nauseous tainted breaths.
We'll tolerate no drinking in this place,
And woe to him who dares to sell the stuff,
For rum's the bottom of all evil deeds—
Makes light the head and dark and dull the
heart:
It must be banished from our isle.

To Julie and Joe.

Now, come with me.
I'll give you warmth and food and show you
that
The Prophet Strang is not so bad a man
As painted.

Joe— Oh, thank you, Meester Strang.
I'm sure you are not bad at all!

Julie— Yes, thank you many times.
I'll always tell the fishermans how good
A man you are.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III

St. James. A Street

Enter McCullough and Adams

Adams—Know you our kingship's latest move?

McC.—No, what orders does he dictate now?

Adams— Polygamy's the latest;
And consecration likewise is upheld.

McC.— The tyrant
Must be checked or all will come to ruin.

Adams— His revelations come so fast
Of late I trust not in their potency.

McC.—Why must we let this gay Old Rooster
strut
Around and lord it over all creation,

While we obey like hens and little chicks?
I tell you, Adams, I shall put on spurs
And fight this villain.

Adams—I'll back you in't. Like good queen Margaret
Used to say when I was playing Richard III,
"I can no longer hold me patient."
He's outraged us by varnished tales and thinks
We have no honor.

Enter Bedford and Wentworth.

But here come our friends
Who have a cause to hate him more than we.
Let's fan their passions into mutiny.
What think you, Bedford,
Since the king rebuked you in th' meeting?
Wilt follow him as blindly as before?

Bedford— I never liked him much
And now despise the tyrant more than
ever.

Adams— And you, good Wentworth?
I suppose you wish to toil and slave and
have
No favor of the king except the evil
Glances of his envious eyes.

Wentworth—You know full well I have no use for
him,
Since he by foul means seeks all I
have.

Adams—Some months ago I put a royal crown
Upon his head and dressed him up in state;
But he has proven false to all his friends.
I think 'tis time to crown another king.
I myself am somewhat judge of men,
And friend McCullough here I do vouch-
safe
Would give more honor to a throne
Than half a dozen Strangs.

Bedford—Why, yes, why shouldn't he be king?

McC.—You flatter me, but 'tis no easy thing—
We first must rid us of the king we have.

Adams— You'll find it easy picking.
In Richard III I slew six men and would
Not hesitate to kill six villains more—
(Aside)
If they were here upon this street to fight
With wooden swords.

McC.— I have some money left—
I did not give it all to Strang.

Adams— What say you men?
For money, honor, duty and revenge,
The spice that makes our lives worth
while, will you .
Destroy King Strang?

Went.—I'll do my part.

Bed.—And so will I.

Adams— Why sure! Who wants to live
On cockle when it's easy to get quail?

McC.—Then meet us on the King's Highway at twelve.

We'll lay our plans to make the Rooster sick;

We'll trouble him with civil suits and courts
And give the Gentiles many clews to fight
This would-be prophet of our faith.

Went.—'Tis well. We'll meet you there at twelve.
(Exeunt).

SCENE IV

A room in Strang's palace

Enter Strang, Alvira and Aunt Betsy

Strang—I hesitate to let her know the truth.

Alvira—The man who seeks dominion over all
Is surely not afraid of one wee woman.
We now are man and wife and I expect
The homage that is due me and the honor
Of your house.

Aunt Betsy— Just tell her what
You wish to do and show that you
are master.

Strang—Why, yes, I'm master in my home, 'tis
true;
But many thoughts have troubled me of
late—
She's been a good and loving wife, I vow,
And I do hate to cause her pain.

Alvira—Oh, weakling! It is by revelation.
We cannot change the laws of God for
such.

Strang—Oh, yes, by revelation, that is true.
We are commanded and must do His will.

Enter Mary.

My dear beloved wife,
Together we have read the sacred book.
The lessons that the prophets taught we both
Agreed were right and just. And when I
doubted
You were first to offer reassuring words.
The holy work you never cast aside,
And mine own teachings you have always
kept.
Now by divine command I bring another
Wife into the fold. Let me present to
You the one to whom I was in spirit
Sealed this day. I bid you welcome her,
And hope we all may live in happiness
And peace.

Alvira— I know we shall be friends.

Aunt B.—Why, fifty wives could live contented
here.

Mary—Have peace! We've argued on this point
before.

You told me on your honor at Voree
That if I'd live with you upon this isle,
You would renounce polygamy.

Strang— I know, but I have
Had a vision and the Lord commends it.

Mary—It is not true. The Lord has never yet
Commended contradictions. The book is
Plain upon this point and never has been
changed.

Strang— But you forget!
The patriarchs of old had many wives.

Mary—Yes, many wives and mistresses, that's true,
Which was abominable to the Lord.
He led forth his people to raise up a
Righteous branch and will not suffer that
they
Do like unto the blasphemers of old:
For there shall not any man among you,
Saith the Lord, have, save it be but one
wife,
And mistresses he shall have none, for, I,
The Lord, God, delighteth in the chastity
Of women.

Strang—But those are words for Lamanites and
Gentiles.
For us new laws are needed and revealed.

Mary— Behold, ye have done
Greater iniquities than the Lamanites:
Ye have broken the hearts of your tender
wives
And lost the confidence of your children.
The sobbings of their hearts ascend to God
Against you.
The Lamanites are more righteous than
you—
They have but one wife and obey the law.
The Lord will not destroy them but will be
Merciful unto them and will make them
One day a blessed people.

Strang—'Twas I appointed to proclaim the truth
And will not delegate my commission
To a woman who understandeth not
The ways of the Lord. I command you to
Receive the truth or else vacate the house.

Mary—I shall be more than pleased to go,
But remember thou the words of the Lord:
“This people shall keep my commandments
Or cursed be the land for their sakes.”
In evil deeds you will not find favor
In the eyes of the Lord, but your kingdom
Shall vanish from the earth.

(Curtain.)

ACT II

SCENE I

A room in Strang's palace

Aunt Betsy—It surely is a wild and stormy night,
But in this cosy palace all seems
bright.

Alvira—Yes, all but the king,
And he is about as sullen as the storm.

Aunt B.—Since Mary went
Away he doesn't seem to be the same,

Alvira—With all of us here he ought to be happy.

Aunt B.—Or miserable, which?

Sarah—Oh, I wish there was something to do
Besides sitting around in this “blooming”
suit.

Hulda—Let's dance. And who will be my partner?

Aunt B.—Hush, ladies. Here he comes.

Enter Strang.

Strang—Ho, ho! So you are making merry, girls,
Dancing and laughing while I am away.
Well, what is the harm? I'd be happy,
too,

But cares and worries leave no room for
fun.

(Aside) If I had only taken her advice
Misfortune would not now be haunting
me.

(A noise is heard outside.)

Hark, I guess they've cornered me at last!

Enter U. S. Marshal, Officers and Gentiles un-
announced.

Strang—Who comes hither?

Mar.—A stranger in search of health, wealth and
happiness.

Strang—Just find the first and you will have all
three.

Mar.—A fine time you are having here, indeed!
Women dressed like that should be locked
up.

And to be plain, sir, I have a warrant
For your arrest.

Strang—Upon what charge?

Mar.—Violation of our sovereign laws—
Theft on the seas and detention of mails.
Come, officers, do your duty.

First Gentile—You had better handcuff and tie him
well,
He's sly as a fox and bears a charmed
life.

Second Gen.—One summer we hunted him almost a week

With Indians and a posse of whites,
On an offer of three hundred dollars
To take him to Mackinac, dead or
alive.

And what do you think? Why, he
up and escaped—

From our hands like a slipp'ry eel slid
out.

I tell you, you'll have to be careful.

Mar.—If he gives me the slip you can call him bewitched.

Alvira—Oh, how wicked they are!

Aunt Betsy—Clear out of the place, you vile rats!

Strang—There, never mind. I've lived up to the law,

And being blameless accompany them
Without fear. With my skill as a lawyer
And readiness in debate at the bar

'Twill be easy to destroy ev'ry charge—

They can never convict Prophet Strang!

Why, as Assemblyman I've been chosen,

And with balance of power in the state,

I can toy with the fortunes of men.

My political comrades shall name me

Executive of the state of Utah.

Then rejoice! And woe to the Brigamites

And all the foes of the Latter Day Saints.

The Lord in his wisdom protects his servant,

And mark you, no bullet can pierce this
heart!

Farewell, I'll not be gone long.
(Exeunt Strang, Marshal, Officers
and Gentiles.)

Aunt Betsy— Poor man! More trouble,
But he's too clever for any of *them*.

Sarah—Why are they always nagging him?

Alvira—Because he's more learned than they and
they're jealous.

Enter Joe Partout, hurriedly.

Joe—Where ees he?

All—Who?

Joe—King Strang.

Aunt B.—He has just been taken away.

Joe— Oh, zat ees too bad.
I heard dey was after heem an' I came
For to help heem.

Alvira—Then you are a friend to King Strang?

Joe—Oh, yes, he was good to me an' my Julie,
An' now I'll be good to heem an' his wives.
Are all of you wives of King Strang?

Alvira—We are all of us kin to King Strang—
Spiritual helpmates and wives.

Joe—Well, by gosh, it is nice to be king—
Lots of fine women an' plentee to eat,
An' everyone ready to run when you call—

I don't blame him for wanting de job.
But now I mus' go an' help him escape;
Dey won't put him in jail when Joe is aroun'.
He was good to my Julie an' me, an'
So I'll be friendly wid him. *Bon soir.*

All—*Bon soir. Bon soir.*

Hulda—Heaven speed you, worthy friend,
May God be with you to the end.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II

Federal Court Room at Detroit

Judge Wilkins, Clerks, Jurors, Bailiffs, etc.

Judge—The next case is that of
The government versus King Strang.
Is the defendant ready?

Strang—I am, Your Honor.

Judge—Where is counsel for the defense?

Strang—Attorneys are trouble makers, the less
We have of them the better are we off.
If it shall please the court, I prefer to
Plead my own case.

Judge—It is well.
You have that privilege under the law.
Is the district attorney prepared to
Go on with the case?

Dist. At.—I am, Your Honor.

Judge—Then proceed with the trial.

Dist. At.— Your Honor,
The government charges the Mormon
king
Strang, with high crimes, misdemeanors
and fraud.
He's indicted on twelve different counts:
Among them the robbing of mails, the
stealing
Of timber and lands, and the passing of
Counterfeit coin of the realm. All of
which
Point to his guilt without shadow of
doubt.
Not a Gentile appears to protest it,
While we can produce here from round-
about towns
A host who will swear to his evil re-
pute.
All his band are but robbers and cut-
throats—
They take many wives and countenance
theft—
They murder, burn, pillage, steal and
destroy,
And I charge in this court it is wholly
Due to their ungodly creed and belief.

Judge, to Strang—What have you to say to the
charge?

Strang—Two Gentiles I have who are willing to
swear
That Strang is an honorable man.

(Motions to Julie and Joe.)

Judge, to Joe—Are you a Mormon, sir?

Joe—No, no, I got only one wife.

Judge—Do you know the defendant, King Strang?

Joe—Yes, very well—he's a awful good man!

Judge, to Julie—Do you know King Strang?

Julie—Yes, I'm acquaint wid King Strang,
An' I ask you for please let him go, 'cause
I'm sure dat he never do wrong.

Judge, to Strang—The court is inclined in your
Cause and will hear your reply
to the state.

Strang—Your Honor,
Persecution is my lot
(And not prosecution), for righteousness'
sake.
The oppressed of the land have sought
me for safety,
And none were allowed to harm or molest;
Now because I've protected my people,
Behold, I am to be crushed by your laws!
Is there any among you who would say:
"Kill him, because he is good to his kin?"
Alas! I am then as the Nazarene,
And my oppressors are like to the scribes
Who savagely hounded his steps.
I am the leader of a righteous cause
Upon the death of whose general, I,
Prophet James, was forthwith called in his
stead—

I have endeavored to lengthen the cords
And tried to strengthen the stakes of
Zion—

To carry out the order of Enoch
In all of the beauty and fullness thereof—
And thus glory do I bring to your state.
Is it for this you would cripple my arm?
Our fathers located in this far land
To establish freedom of speech and the
press:

Shall we destroy all the blessings they
fought

So valiantly to secure?

If so, I must weep for my cradle of birth.
Perhaps misdemeanors were practised
By some, but never with sanction of mine,
For I have always taught them that neither
Gunlock nor sword be lifted defiantly;
And the city of our God shall be saved
And the temple of his holiness shall be
Unpolluted by any of our foes.

No child was ever born out of wedlock
In the kingdom of St. James, while the
country

Of my opponents is overrun with
The fruit of illegitimate union.
The cloud which surrounds by day shall
bewilder

And the pillar of fire by night shall con-
sume

And reveal them to the whole of mankind.
I have banished whiskey, coffee and tea
And other evil products from our isle;
I have taught that men morally must be
Equal or superior to women.
Can ye say as much of the other creeds?

If ye shall find some tares among the
wheat,
Would ye root up all the fruit of the field?
Perhaps evil has been done in my name,
But I swear to you, I am not guilty.
The federal complaint is prejudicial,
Malicious and weak, and therefore I ask,
If it please the Court, to set it aside
And allow me to go.

Judge—

The defendant is right. We cannot listen
To prosecutions for religion's sake.
The law guarantees to every man
The right to believe as he shall elect
And privilege to worship as he sees fit.
Though sentiment be clearly against him,
And he is shown in unfavorable light,
The evidence cannot for that reason
Prove to this court that Strang did any
crime.
Therefore we must, in the name of the
law,
Render unto the Mormon as we would
To the Hindoo, the Gentile or the Jew,
Full Justice, which under the statute must
be
To quash the indictment and let him go
free.

(Congratulations to Strang as court adjourns.)

SCENE III

The Johnson Home in Buffalo

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. To them enter Esther

Esther— Two gentlemen named
Strang and Douglass are conducting meet-
ings
In the town and making many converts
To the Mormon faith which they
espouse. I
Stepped into their meeting place as I was
Coming home and both the men came up to
Me and spoke in wondrous words about a
Kingdom they have founded on an island.
The one named Douglass is the most at-
tractive
Man I ever saw.

Mrs. J.—You shouldn't go into a place like that.
The Mormons are a dangerous set.

Esther—Oh, mother, no, they're just as nice
As they can be. I told them that perhaps
You might be interested in their work,
And forthwith they agreed to call. (A
knock.) They're coming now.
(She opens the door.)
Enter Strang and "Charlie Douglass."

Good evening, Sirs,
I welcome you. Here are my parents whom
I spoke to you about. I wish that they
Might hear your story.

Douglass—King Strang, the leader of our faith, will
tell
Your parents all about our island home.
(To her aside)
And while they're thus engaged I wish
to speak
To you alone.

Strang—Come to this table and I'll show you maps
And give you reasons why St. James is sure
To be a booming town.
(Mr. and Mrs. Johnson accompany him
to the table.)

Douglass to Esther—
Promise me to go to Beaver Island
For I cannot live without you any more.
Since meeting you your face is ever on
My mind. When I'm asleep and when awake
I only think of you. Oh, promise that
You'll be my wife.
Then flowers will bloom and birds will sing
And there'll be no winter only spring.

Esther—I love you and I am willing to go,
But cannot leave my parents here behind.
If they will go with me I'll gladly join
You at St. James.

Mr. J. to Strang—
Yes, I think you are quite right about it.

Strang—What say you, Mrs. Johnson?
Will you not join us in this land of
promise—
A land that truly flows with milk and
honey—
A haven of rest and peace and plenty?

Mrs. J.—I'm so afraid it would be a bad move.
You have certainly pictured it fine but
Smooth words are the consorts of decep-
tion.

Esther—Oh, mother, don't be afraid.
I am sure we'll be much happier there.

Mr. J.—Yes, Esther is right, we'll be happier
there,—
In the sweet freedom of a country home.

Mrs. J.— Very well, you can
Do as you please—I'll not stand in the
way.

Esther— Oh, goody, good, good.
(She and Douglass embrace).

Mr. J.—What will I do with my horses and bug-
gies
And all such cumbersome things?

Strang— Charter a boat and transport them.
There are plenty of houses and farms for
all—
You shall have what you want for the ask-
ing.

Mr. J.—Then, mother, we'll take along
Dickie and Bossy and Shepherd—we won't
Leave a creature behind. Life on a farm
Will be better than staying in town.

Strang—So now it is settled, we'll watch for you
soon.

Mr. J.—As soon as our things can be shipped.

Strang—Very well, you will have a royal welcome,
be sure.
Come, Charlie, it's time we must go.
(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV

A room in McCullough's castle

Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Wentworth,
Mrs. Scott

All sing—O, who that has search'd the records of
old,
And read the last scenes of distress;
Four and twenty were left, who with
Mormon beheld,
While Jehova the faithful did bless.

Enter Bedford and Wentworth, excitedly.

Bed.—The king is free and is now on his way home.

Went.— They say with great
Display of wit he quite o'ercame the judge
And made the court crowd puppets of his
will.

Mrs. Mc.— What now will become of us?
He will be more obdurate than ever.

Mrs. Bed.— You've little reason to complain,
Being one of his most docile subjects,
Wearing bloomers and your hair cut
short in
Obedyance to his ridiculous commands.

Mrs. McC.— Oh, I do it just for fun—
So's not to be different from the rest.

Mrs. Bed.—You'll not catch me doing anything like
that
For fun or any other reason.

Enter Strang and Douglass.

Strang— Here again you see your king,
Safe and sound just as he promised to re-
turn.
All the Gentile cohorts do not have the
Power to harm one hair of King Strang's
head.
I am more fearful of the evil here
In my own kingdom—What is this I see?
Sister Bedford wearing skirts that reach
the ground!
Go take them off at once and put on
bloomers!

Mrs. Bedford— I'll not do it.

Strang— Bedford,
You must make your wife obey the king.

Bedford— Hang the king!
My wife is in the right and I uphold
Her in it.

All the women— So do we!
And we will not approve polygamy.
(Exeunt.)

Strang—to Douglass— Charlie,
Go and bring Apostles John and Isaac.
I shall have my orders carried out though
I wade ankle deep in blood to do it.
Bedford, you shall answer to me for this,
And Wentworth, remember that your wife
and
I are to be spiritually sealed
Before another month.

Went.—And *you* remember that before
A month King Strang or I will not be here.

Strang— Begone, you dogs!
I've often heard men talk like that before.
(*Exeunt Bedford and Went.*)

What is it people call success?
Just now I was the idol of the hour—
I held the hosts of vile intolerance
At bay and dreamed to be revered at home,
Yet here I find but traitors all around.
I cannot be in every place at once,
And where I cannot be I'm needed most.
Oh, Mary, how I need your counsels wise.

Enter Isaac and John.

Here you are, who sought for rest and
found it not
Until I picked you up, placed you at the
Head of my Destroying Angels and now
Ask you but to be faithful in return.
Are you ready for the work?

Both—We are.

Strang— Then listen what I have to say:
When my wish is sought and followed all
is well.
Ye were chosen as the captains, being
Brothers, in strife more likely to be loyal,
The leaders of the Illuminati—
So far have kept the secrets of the order.
In you I trust. Tonight you seize the
traitor

Bedford, conduct him to the whipping post
And give him forty lashes less but one.
Now hear me for my word is law in this:
No sacrifice too great; no crime too bold,
If it should be commanded by the king.
It is no crime—"the king can do no
wrong."

If you shall fail, yourselves must undergo
The cruel penalty known only to
The Order of Illuminati. Go!
And thus chastise the enemies of Strang
And make his subjects fear his wrath.
(Exeunt.)

SCENE V

A room in Mary's home

Mary, Adams, McCullough

Mary—You say the king is tott'ring on his throne?

Adams— Aye, Madam, the kingdom
At St. James is near the verge of ruin,
All owing to your husband's evil schemes.
Rebellion has now broken out among
His subjects and the Gentiles press him
hard.

Mary— Poor man!
Yet this is what I feared, for he who would
Misquote the word of God for lustful gain
Will end at last in ruin.

McC.— Indeed, you speak the truth.
The end began when he declared in open
Church in favor of polygamy and
Took a second wife. And now his favorites
Number four.

Mary—Four! In heaven's name, has he no sense of
shame?

Adams— And fourteen others
He declares are sealed to him in spirit.

Mary— Oh, horrors!
I pray, recite no more—it makes me sick.

Adams— Madam, though 'tis sad,
The half has not been told and we are
 come
Soliciting your aid to fight the wretch
And set our people free.

Mary— Already I have rescued
Several souls at peril of my life.
Two girls whom I was told had been de-
 coyed
Into St. James I did pursue and warn.
Disguised as red men we escaped from him;
To have been found would presage certain
 death.
I also burned his robes one day when he
Had left the isle to tour the east in search
Of whom he might deceive with Charley
 Douglass.
Not in revenge did I this act, but in
The hopes of showing him the righteous
 path.
What further aid would you request?

Adams—'Tis admirable what you have done, but
He must be deposed—we need another
king.

You have the means to punish him and
through
The civil process of the courts to place
The rake behind the prison bars.

Mary— I think one king is quite enough.
While I do not approve what he has done,
He is my lawful mate whom I still hope
Will live to see the error of his way.
I would not enter into any scheme
To do him harm.

McC.—But he has injured you and ev'ry day
He only heaps more sorrow on your head.

Mary— It matters not.
If he has done a wrong I cannot make
It right by doing wrong myself.

Adams—You are indeed a noble wife.
As such you understand the love and faith
Of wives and mothers everywhere. For
those
Of our fair isle we ask you to consent
To this demand: Give us the right to start
An action in your name.

Mary— He is the father of two sons.
I'll not disgrace his name nor yet attempt
To place his kingdom in the hands of others.
You are conspired 'gainst him, and being
Willing tools at first, are rankest traitors
now.

If God shall will that Strang must fall I
hope
His kingdom crumbles with him. (Exit.)

Adams—It is no use, McCullough.
If Strang could not convince her black is
white,
No chance can favor us.

McC.— You're right.
If all the women were as firm as she
We'd have a better world.

Adams— And fewer wives apiece.
McCullough, she is more a queen today
Than any man is king. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VI

St. James. A street

Enter Strang and Isaac

Isaac—Know ye not that we are in the hands of
God?

Know ye not that he hath every power?
At his command the earth shall roll together
As it were a scroll. O, King, the Lord has
Kept his blessings which his people should
enjoy,
To give the Gentiles who possess the land.

Strang—Why speak ye of such things as these?

Isaac— I'm sore distressed,
For in a dream I saw our leader slain;
And the Gentiles came to battle 'gainst us,

And we were spread like chaff before the
wind.

Alas! may this not come to pass.

Strang— O, foolish man!
I'm proof against the vile assassin's knife,
And bullets cannot harm your fearless
king.
Cease then thy worthless talk. Was Bedford
thrashed
As I commanded?

Isaac—Aye, soundly.
Forty lashes and three more to make him
Long retain remembrance of his folly.

Strang— Disobedient knave!
The number I commanded were enough.
Therefore repent, lest I come out against
thee.

Enter messenger.

What's wanted?

Mess.— The captain
Of the lake marines requests your presence
On his ship.

Strang— Another plot. Ah, well,
To forstall further trouble I will go.

Enter Bedford and Wentworth.

Bed.—There goes an officer with orders from
The "Michigan" for Strang to go on board.
We'll hide behind this pile of wood and
shoot
Him as he passes.

Went.— What! Shoot him in the back?

Bed.— Why, yes. Why not?

Went.— That would be cowardly.

Bed.— But not as bad as what he did to us.
My back's still sore from flogging he com-
manded;
He did not boldly seek your wife's affections,
But he practised his designs behind your
back—
And in the back such dastards should be punc-
tured.
Besides, 'tis safer. I've practised well and
Cannot miss.

Went.—Then in the back we'll shoot him. Stand!
There he comes!

Strang—I think this is McCullough's work.
The fool would step into my shoes and
says
He'll fight me to the death. Ha, ha, I do.
Not fear such cowards. I have his money—
Ten thousand dollars—now let him do his
worst.
Besides his wife is steadfast in the faith—

Bedford and Wentworth fire. Strang falls.

Went.— Run for the ship, Bedford,
And be quick—the government will protect
us.

Enter Isaac and John, hurriedly.

Isaac—Several shots were fired!

John, stooping—The king is weltering in his blood.

Isaac—Who did this deed?

To the ship! The murderers must not escape!

Enter Capt. Bullis with marines.

Bullis— You cannot go aboard my ship!

They have surrendered to the U. S. A.
And I'll protect them.

Enter several Mormons in excitement.

First Mor.— The king is shot!

Second Mor.—The spirit of the Lord has ceased
to strive with us.
The king is murdered!

Third Mor.— The king is shot!
Now must his children perish and vengeance
Be upon the land. Save us, O Lord,
save
Thy children.

All—Woe is me! Woe is me! The king is shot!

McCullough, examining the wounds—

The king must die,
Who taught you he was proof against all
harm.
He is no greater than the rest—just common
Flesh and blood. And now we'll choose
another king!

Curtain.

ACT III

SCENE I

A room in Strang's palace

Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Campbell

Mrs. Scott, reading—

For once we were a delightful people,
But now like a vessel on the waters,
Without anchor or sail or anything
Wherewith to steer.

Enter Alvira.

What message from the sick room, dear?

Alvira—The doctor thinks the king's no better.
He asks for Mary, pleading all the time,
And says the rest are nothing to him now.
He wants to die in Mary's arms and begs
That he be taken to her home at once.
The doctor told him that he cannot move
him,
But he piteously pleads and promises
He'll bear it all if they but let him go.
I think myself it's best that he should see
her
Even tho' the rest say no.

Mrs. Scott—Why, certainly, they ought to take
him to her.

Mrs. Campbell—I heard that Adams and McCul-
lough were
The ones who instigated King Strang's
death;
They both would like to wear a monarch's
crown.

Mrs. Scott— Yes, so 'tis said; but
 'Twill do no good for they have fallen
 out,
 And Adams with a few blind tools has
 gone
 In search of thrones and crowns in
 distant lands,
 While Mac is hated worse than Strang
 at home
 And by the Gentiles whom he stirred
 to strife
 He is despised for treachery.

Enter nurse.

Mrs. Campbell— Are there no further hopes?

Nurse— He pleaded so to
 Have us take him to his first wife Mary
 That the doctor finally gave consent.
 Such looks of happiness then wreathed his
 face
 It seemed he would rise up and run to her,
 Although he's badly wounded and 'tis
 claimed
 He cannot live beyond two weeks at most.
 We all cried at the bedside when he said:
 "I know she will forgive me. Now I'll die
 In peace because I'm going home to Mary."

Alvira— I hope he'll reach her ere he dies.
 His other wives are nothing to him now.
 They all are ready to depart but me
 And I can plainly see that Mary is
 The only one to comfort him in death.

Mrs. Scott—Quite right, and I am glad you see
 the truth.

Let's go and pray and offer cheering words.

(Exeunt Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Campbell and nurse.)

Enter Esther.

Esther—What can it mean? Who is it I see?
Oh, let my eyes deceive me rather than
Be wronged so cruelly. Speak out and say
I am mistaken.

Alvira— You're not
Mistaken for I am Charlie Douglass.
In what you hoped that I could be to you
You are deceived, but do not hold it now
Against me. Our king is dying and my
Sorrow and distress doth match your own.

Esther—This is the saddest moment of my life.
I heard the truth, but could not make myself
Believe until I saw it with my eyes.
It cannot be—I know that I am mad!
Oh, this is grief too great for me to bear;
And yet I share the sorrow of the rest
And do lament the murder of King Strang.
I wish my mother's counsels had prevailed—
We would not now be helpless in this trap.
Our property is gone—our home—and
worst
Of all our faith. Everything is lost.

Alvira— Yes, dear child,
It does look dark, but had he not been slain
I'm sure none could complain. Compose
yourself;

You have a friend more precious than all
else.

Mere men and lovers often prove untrue—
The only one to tie to is your mother.

(Exit.)

Esther—If Strang was known to be magnetic, his
Second wife disguised was irresistible.
I cannot be much blamed. Strang held do-
minion

Over some, but Douglass was in truth the
King of Hearts.

(Exit.)

SCENE II

A room in Mary's house

A knock is heard and Mary opens the door

Enter messenger.

Messenger— Madam, King Strang was
Wounded at St. James by two dis-
senterers.

He comes to you in a precarious state
And asks if you will let him in.

Mary— What news is this
You bring? My husband wounded and in a
Serious state! Yes, show him here at once.

Mess.— I'll go and give the word.
(Exit.)

Mary— Alas, the deed is done! I knew
The wrath of God would be upon his head.

No traitor's steel has pierced this breast
But I have suffered world's of pain. Oh,
how
My heart does bleed.

Enter Strang, supported by aids.

My husband!

Strang, embracing her— Mary, Oh, I am so
Weary, but this welcome gives me rest.

Mary, to Strang's companions Help him
To this chair. Be careful—do not hurt him.

Strang— There. I'm well.
(Assitants retire.)
Am I at home? And Mary is this you?
Give me your hand so I will know it's
true.
Forgive me, Mary, I am soon to die—
Oh, tell me you forgive me.

Mary— I forgive you freely,
Believe ye on the name of the Lord.

Strang—I am so happy! I shall die in peace.

Mary—When Jared's brother sinned against the
Lord,
God spake to him and said: "If ye believe
In me ye shall be saved."

Strang—I believe. Oh, pray that I may be re-
deemed.

Mary— Those who believe shall be redeemed.

In Him shall all mankind have light and
rest
And that eternally if they believe.

Strang— How insignificant is man!
In his pride he forgeteth his maker,
But the Lord cuts him down in his glory.
You are a staff, I but a broken reed.
 (His mind wanders.)
I am going home to Mary.
What is that I hear? Angel voices sing-
ing.
Mary has forgiven me. Now I see
The gates ajar. Farewell, I die in peace.
 (Expires.)

Mary, kneeling— He is at rest.
May the Lord receive his spirit and forgive
His trespasses.

SCENE III

St. James. A street

Isaac, to him enter John.

Isaac— All is lost.
As was foretold the kingdom will desolve
And ev'ry one will have to leave the isle.
The work of all these years will go for
naught—
All goods left to the mercy of the mob.

John— Then have you seen the king?

Isaac— Yes, just before

They moved him I was summoned to his
side.

He gave instructions how to run the state,
And when I said the Gentiles were advancing
Toward St. James with grave and direful
threats,

He commanded that our leaders who are
Most obnoxious to his foes should leave the
isle

And thinks, that done, the kingdom will be
saved.

John—And are you not of like opinion?

Isaac— No, no, there is no hope.

The Gentiles are determined to expel
All persons who adhere to Mormon faith.
McCullough's with them giving aid and
comfort

To the foe. He hopes thereby to save those
Loyal to him and his own worthless neck,
And then expects that they will make him
king.

Already many who refused to go
Have been o'ercome and forced to flee for
safety.

We must prepare to leave as best we can—
There is no time to lose—I hear their shouts
Of triumph now!

Enter McCullough and several Mormons, running.

First Mor.—An angry mob well armed o'erruns the
street;

The tabernacle has been set on fire;
The stores are rifled and the harbor
shore

Looks like an open fair.

2nd Mor.—Our men and women march like cattle
to
The slaughter. All must take the boat
tonight
And leave the isle and everything behind.
What shall we do?

Isaac—We'll ask for mercy—we're not prepared to
fight.
But tell me why McCullough's running so?
He's surely not afraid.

First Mor.— Why, yes;
They said if he was loyal to the faith
He'd have to travel with the rest.

Isaac—And does he call himself a Mormon still?

First Mor.—Why, certainly, he wants to be our
king.

Isaac— Alas!
A traitor has no place on either side:
His former friends will not confide in him
And those who buy him will not trust his
word.

Enter armed Gentiles, led by Arch Newton.

Newton— I command you to surrender,
And to take the boat at once, which will
land
You anywhere you wish along the lake.

Isaac—We have a right to stay within the kingdom
Founded by us with much work and pains.

Newton— Your labor was against
The spirit of our country and the state.
The laws will not permit a kingdom to
Exist within the confines of our land.
You must obey my orders or be treated
As enemies of Uncle Sam.
I've asked my followers to be as gentle
As they can, but at the least resistance
I cannot promise that you will be safe.

Isaac—May we then take our property along?

Newton— Take what you can.
But since your sect located on this isle
The Gentiles of the land have suffered so
I fear they'll ask you double pay.

First Gen.— Yes, d—m the Mormons!
We'll make 'em sweat for what they
did to us.

2nd Gen.— We want back what
They stole. They're nothing but a gang
of thieves.

McCullough— Must I and all
My friends who gave assistance to
your cause
Be thus outrageously expelled?

Netwon— Yes, not a Mormon
Must remain upon this isle, 'tis danger-
ous
To the commonwealth. Come, you must
move away—
No divine rights of kings in the U. S. A.

Mormons file out, followed by Gentiles, the band
playing national airs.

(Finis.)

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UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

MAR 29 1912

